The Bystander, May 4, 1921. No. 909. Vol. LXX.

# The BYSTANDER

BY FRANK NEWBOULD

"OH, THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING!"

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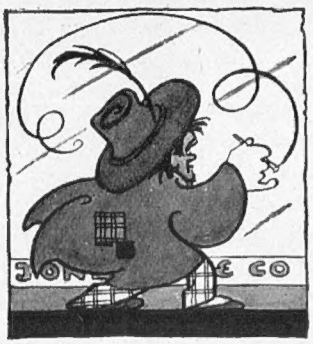
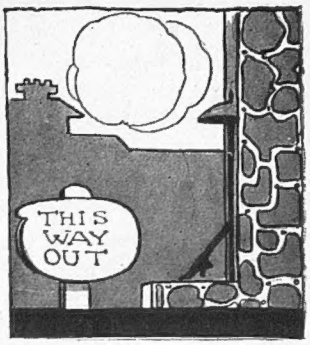
# BYSTANDER COMMENTS.



Window-slashers are taking great *panes*,

And we're determined to speed up divorce;

We've all been discussing the Budget




By Victor Hicks

*And* Mrs. Bamberger, of course!

## About the Budget

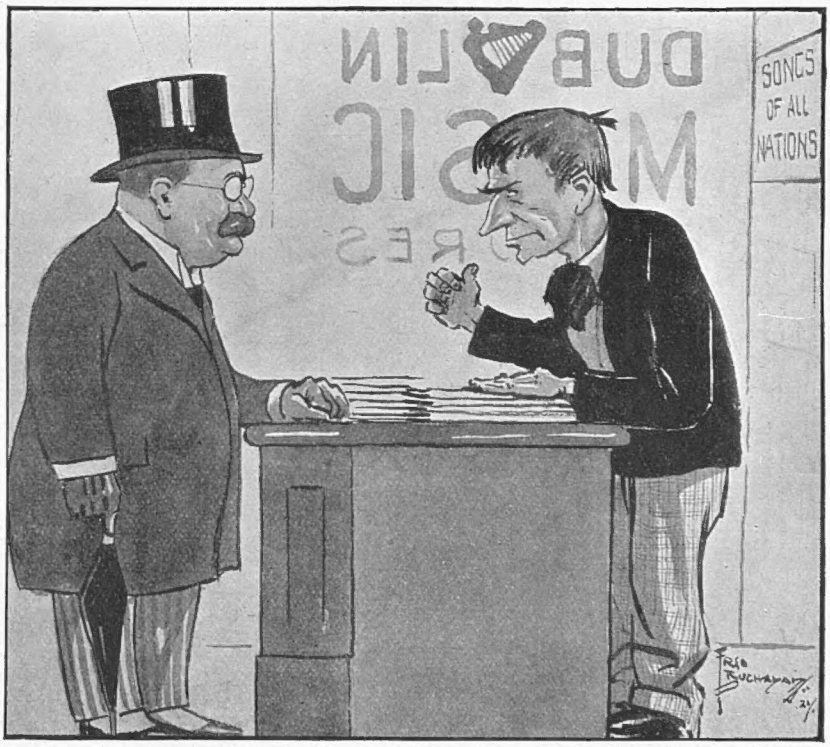
NOT for worlds would I plunge into the morasses of grandiose figures in which we have been wallowing for years. They are too much for the plain man, who, indeed, has for some time shrewdly suspected that they are beyond the understanding of his rulers and governors. These latter have long been multi-million mad. I need not take any illustration from Mr. Austen Chamberlain's cheerful little Budget last week. We have all been up to the ears in imaginary millions ever since. I say "imaginary," for people who are supposed to know best declare that many of these millions do not exist—as income. It may cheer some folk that the Budget will somewhat reduce the price of champagne and Havana cigars. But this does not concern the vast majority of us, beyond the fact that we feel it satisfactory to have ceased penalising a brave Ally and a good customer, which we were doing to our own pecuniary loss.

## Multi-Million Madness

AND this multi-million madness seems to be spreading. What can the plain man make of this coal strike? What are the undisputed facts that seem to emerge? That the present cost of producing our coal supply is greater than the return it brings; that even thus coal is too dear for our other industries to flourish; and that, with a greater number of workers, less coal is being produced than before. These are pretty sturdy facts, but, if facts they be, as seems generally admitted, they are simple. It may be with the simplicity of a very formidable mountain range, but Hannibal did not cross the Alps by sitting at the bottom and quarrelling with his troops and elephants. Who in this quarrel represents Hannibal and who the troops and elephants I care not. But their quarrels should not be allowed to threaten the very life of the nation.

## Labour's Idea of Capital

THE worst element in the whole business is, I fancy, this multi-million madness. Men who mingle and deal with all classes hear the same thing. The working-man who thinks he thinks, and who some day will be able, I hope, to do so, has the strangest idea of "capital." He talks of it vaguely as a rich enemy who is keeping his money from him. I have heard an agricultural labourer say, when talking about striking, "Well, the Gover'ment's got all the money; why shouldn't we have a bit more of it?" These men seem honestly to believe that capital is like whiskers, which may be shaved clean every morning and grow a fresh crop during the next twenty-four hours. But do not Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Winston Churchill and other great ones suggest that they have similar ideas about it?




SHOPPING IN IRELAND By Fred Buchanan

Mr. "Edwards" (*of Liverpool*): "Have you got 'Kathleen Mavourneen—the Grey Dawn is Breaking'—eh?"

The "Man Behind the Counter": "No, sorr but yez *might* get it at Mike Collins round the corner!"

*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)*

### The Costs of the Appeal

BUT in spite of Budgets and bankruptcy, strikes and Sinn Fein, there are things which absolutely force themselves to the front of the news, though they are matters which in no wise concern the real welfare of the people. Of such was the Archdeacon Wakeford trial. I have no wish to discuss the case in any way. But one thing struck me with amazement—the appalling cost of it. Some £9,000, we are told, were spent by the Bishop of Lincoln and the Archdeacon—nearly a year's salary for two High Court Judges. It seems to me that it ought to be possible, or even compulsory, to settle such a case for less than this. Remember that £9,000 represents only a part of the cost—to it must be added such things as the time of expensive people like the Lord Chancellor, Law Lords, Bishops, and so forth.

### The Bamberger Breakfast

IT was natural that such a case as this should attract serious and general attention. But who shall say why the release of Mrs. Bamberger was featured in so many newspapers? I forget what exactly she was sent to gaol for, but I know it was a very unsavoury case. She might have been allowed to come out in as decent an obscurity as could be managed. But no, she was photographed and interviewed as if she had just had produced a new and successful play. And, strangely enough, she seemed to enjoy it as much as did, no doubt, the millions who read about it. "We had a simply ripping breakfast," said she. "We danced till luncheon time, went to a theatre in the afternoon, to a restaurant for tea, then for a drive in the country, and then home." How thrilling! But it sounds all right and natural, except, perhaps, that last word.

### A Revised Bible

I THINK it was Max O'Rell who said that in every Englishman's home there were two books to be found, one which he did not read and the other which he could not understand. The two books were the Bible and Bradshaw respectively. Mr. Wells's articles in the *Sunday Times*, suggesting the compilation of an entirely new Bible, which shall from time to time be brought up to date by committees of experts, have drawn forth such comment as shows that many Englishmen, in spite of Max O'Rell, still read the old Bible. They do not care for Mr. Wells's idea. But let them take heart. It is long since I have seen anything that has directed so much attention to the old Bible as has Mr. Wells's sketch of a new one.

### Augustus and the Academy

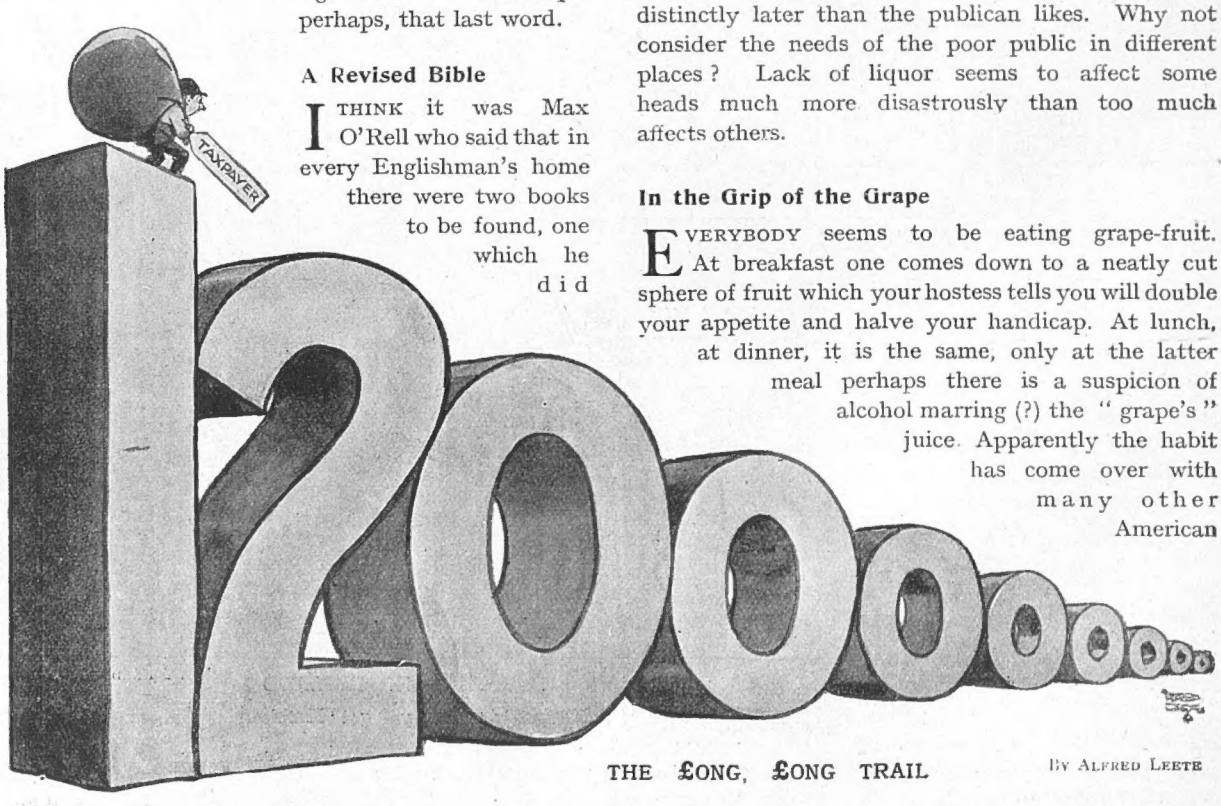
I DO not know whether my artist friends were more surprised at the Academy electing Mr. Augustus John to an Associateship, or at Mr. Augustus John for accepting it. Some declared it was a sign of the Academy's mind broadening, others that it indicated that Mr John's was narrowing. A third party said in effect, "Wait and see. Augustus is a great leg-puller." Which to me was cryptic. There is no doubt that he is a very great artist.

### Foolish D.O.R.A.

WHILST rightly thankful for any relaxation of the absurd D.O.R.A., one cannot help wondering why the Government does not consult people who know when they start tinkering with the liquor regulations. Why, for instance, assume that from 7 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. for opening hours in the evenings will be suitable for all districts? I know districts personally where 7 p.m. is too late and 10.30 p.m. later than the customers really care about, and distinctly later than the publican likes. Why not consider the needs of the poor public in different places? Lack of liquor seems to affect some heads much more disastrously than too much affects others.

### In the Grip of the Grape

EVERYBODY seems to be eating grape-fruit. At breakfast one comes down to a neatly cut sphere of fruit which your hostess tells you will double your appetite and halve your handicap. At lunch, at dinner, it is the same, only at the latter meal perhaps there is a suspicion of alcohol marring (?) the "grape's" juice. Apparently the habit has come over with many other American




THE £ONG, £ONG TRAIL By Alfred Leete

By E. T. Reed

**THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM HAVE BEEN TO SEE "CHU-CHIN-CHOW"**

Our artist was bitterly disappointed to find that when Armstrong and his merry men emerged from the pavilion for their first match, they didn't appear anything like his drawing of them

domestic introductions, for there it is eaten continually—almost as much as "gum"—doctors recommending it as a panacea for all ills, especially colds and influenza. The Cuban "grape" is supposed to be best, for it can be eaten without the assistance of any sugar, and Americans contend that it has more "pep" in it. Certainly it is larger and cheaper than other varieties, and by interpreting "tonic" for "pep" they are probably not far wrong.

**Some Week!**

I SUPPOSE we are all now so inured to living in a perfect maëlstrom of excitement that it doesn't occur to most of us that a couple of the events of the average 1921 week would have almost shaken the nation's foundations for a month in pre-War days. Take recently, for instance—Triple Alliance strike "off" and "on" and "off" again hour by hour, coal strike getting worse daily, Sinn Fein outrages minute by minute, international meetings of Premiers at Lympne, Germany swinging the lead in the matter of reparations, the Archdeacon's appeal, umpteen divorces dealt with by a Lord Chancellor himself, just to show them how quickly the thing can really be done, a new Budget, the return of Pussyfoot, champagne and cigars down in price by a big percentage, more whisky on Saturday mornings, window-slashers pursuing their peculiar and nasty pastime—one could continue to go on interminably with the week's doings And then we're surprised when doctors tell us our nerves are going to the very deuce! No wonder they say that the psycho-analysts have more work than they can cope with!

# On the Riviera.

"Sur le pont d'Avignon, tout le monde y danse en ronde."

Avignon! Ce n'est pas la Riviera!—mais oui!!

THE motor-car and the cable have made a neighbourhood of the world, and not since the Garden of Eden has the universe been so parochial as it is to-day, and news from Timbuctoo now is only local copy. The Riviera includes all this Midi world, and those who travel by motor now make as much of sojourns *en* Provence as they do of Cannes, Nice, and Mentone. If you think it is not the swell thing to do, just look in the Gold Book of the Hôtel d'Europe and read the names inscribed there this season—names like Churchill and even really great persons like Balfour; and now housed here are Kipling, Bonar Law, and the Duchess of Vendôme. Here Wm. Locke recently collected much material for *The Mountebank*. C'est bien chic rester à Avignon! We run on here by car from Nice—explore the things of fame that do renown the ancient city of the Popes—and then back to our warming baccarat and increasing bills at Cannes and Monte Carlo. They are the fashion—these "bubbling" excursions into the country, and they add a new thrill to the springtime, and what is the fashion we must do—

Said Aaron to Moses
Let's cut off our noses—
Said Moses to Aaron
It's the fashion to wear 'em."

And Spring is really here. There are two mistrals in Provence; the poet is the preferable one. The other blows and blows till all men are made bald. But Spring is here—all radiant—and Spring is ye poet's high festival:

Green thing to green thing makes answer in Springtime,
And rose tree to rose:
Lily by lily the year becomes perfect,
And none of us knows
Which thing of all things is fairest on earth
As it blossoms and blows.

It blows all right. They say here the mistral is the devil's dentist.

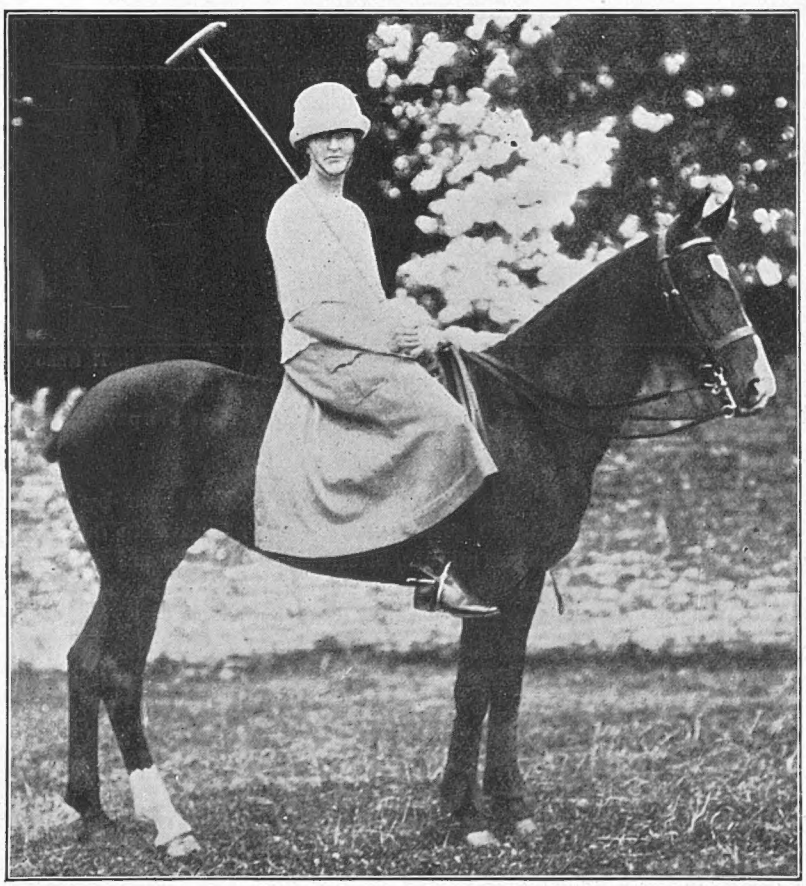
WHAT is Cannes and the Casino—punctuated glories of the Côte d'Azur, when you can sit, as I do now, in your historical sitting-room of Louis XV brocades and realise that Leo XIII when Nuncio to Brussels once celebrated Mass on your grand piano, and that Napoleon the First ate his dinner at the table where you write?

BUT we hurry back in time to see the wash-out of the season. The Russian Ballet is at Monte Carlo, giving a glory to the end of things. The tennis folk hang on like grim death, and the Festa courts were quite up to standard, as regards the quality of the spectators, when de Hartman beat G. Wilder, and Hillyard L. G. Hill on Tuesday last. Mrs. Satterthwaite in the Women's Singles beat Mme. Floresco, and in the Mixed Doubles, Miss Elliot and Eason beat Mlle. Martin and Martin, 6—2, 6—5.

GOLF still goes strong. At Sospel the other day I saw the Duke of Connaught and Princess Louise—a season cannot be said to be quite dead when it can record such personages, and H.R.H. was lunching recently with Mme. Bernard at Nice, and among the guests to meet him were Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Niblack, Lady Essex, Sir John and Lady Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ward, and Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss.

AT Monte Carlo the other day I saw Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone at the Royal Hotel, surely the most winning of all our Royal ladies; and in the Salle Empire Lord and Lady Armaghdale, Lord Kintore, and the Hon. Sir Charles Russell.

CANNES is just a little *triste*, but we made an *effort de gala* on Saturday the 30th, but in spite of our good intentions the word written on the wall was "Ichabod!" To some of the more optimistic it read—"Deauville!"



*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**A LADY POLOIST**

**Miss Noela Whiting is one of the few women who have ever taken up polo with success. In Burma she distinguished herself in station games, and this year intends to play for the Taunton Vale Club. Whether her example will be extensively followed by other enterprising ladies remains to be seen**

*Photograph]* THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE ROW *[Central News*

**The King, with Princess Mary, the Duke of York and Prince Henry, riding in The Row last week. The Prince of Wales joined the Royal party later**

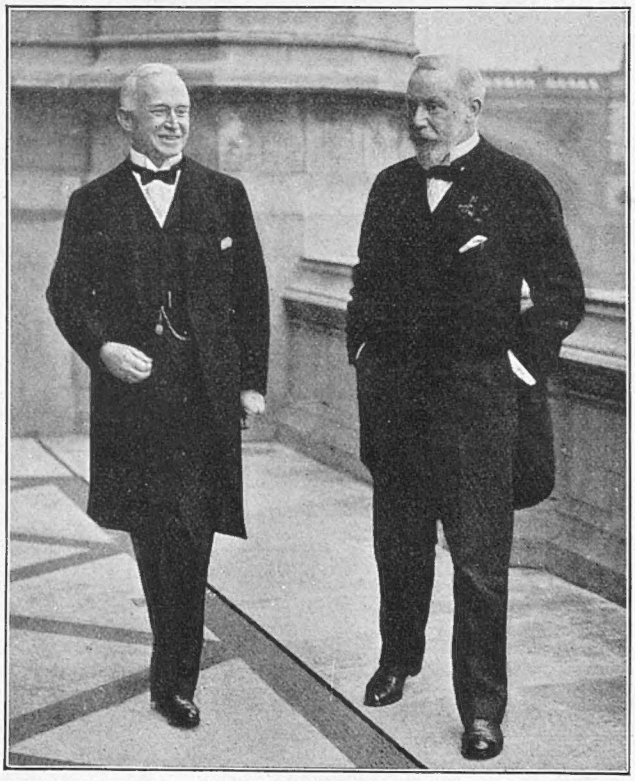
# Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

## The Courtier—Old and New

THERE is no one so enmeshed in red tape as your old courtier. To him protocol and precedent are of the very essence of existence. Wrong tabs or misplaced buttons are as bad as a railway strike; the wrong dress for occasions of ceremony is worse than original sin. Now, our newest Royal household in England numbers no veterans amongst its members, with the result that certain Court departments which are concerned with the movements and plans of Royal personages spend a considerable amount of time in the tearing of hair and the wringing of hands over the simple and direct methods of these newcomers.

Recently these young folk, who act by common-sense and the necessity of the occasion, made certain arrangements for a visit paid by their master. Hot foot there came a messenger from the superior Department with an official letter, "Please state in writing your reasons for arranging so and so, and so and so. It is against all precedent." They wrote on the counter-sheet, "Please, we don't know." Which was quite true. They didn't.



MR. LOWTHER AND HIS SUCCESSOR

**The retiring Speaker, the Right Hon. W. Lowther, and his successor, Mr. Whitley, photographed on the Terrace of the House of Commons**

## Fine Patriotism

I DON'T think anyone has ever done a more finely patriotic thing than Lord Edmund Talbot in accepting the Viceroyalty of Ireland. It is no light task to take such an office at his age even in normal times. But at this juncture it is heroic.

Lady Edmund shares in this heroism. She has never cared for the representative side of Society, and the sacrifice for her is, therefore, a heavy one. But throughout their long married life she has shared all her husband's work. Somebody the other day spoke to her in high admiration of the acceptance of the Viceroyalty.

"But if you feel you can be of any use to the country, it is your duty," Lady Edmund answered.

## The Duster-Man Again

I MUST say one grows a little weary of these repeated attacks on "Society," by people who know nothing whatever about it. In *The Mirrors of Downing Street* there was perception and knowledge of the people described, but now "The Gentleman with a Duster" has written another book, which he calls *The Glass of Fashion*. It

is all in the tone of a "pi-jaw" by a Methody parson, and the Duster-man gives himself away hopelessly. Wherever he got his information from for *The Mirrors of Downing Street* he doesn't know what he is talking about in *The Glass of Fashion*. For instance, he mentions a string of names of people with whom he "thinks" Mrs. Asquith was not on friendly terms—such as the Howards, Percys, Portlands, and others whose memories are held in "fragrant gratitude." He says he does not think Mrs. Asquith knew "the beautiful Duchess of Westminster."

The obvious suggestion is that the Duster-man knows all these people, and the "fragrant gratitude" is his own. But as no Duchess of Westminster has possessed big social influence since the first wife of the late Duke, who died in 1880, and Mrs. Asquith was then in the schoolroom, the dragging in of the name is stupid—and characteristic of the whole book.

On the top of this the "beautiful Duchess of Westminster," who was born a Leveson-Gower, was an invalid for some years before her death, so unless the Duster-man is about eighty—which we know he isn't—he can't know anything about the lady of his own knowledge.

Father Bernard Vaughan said all the Duster-man says in his sermons on "The Sins of Society" long ago. He, at any rate, did not take shelter behind anonymity. But there, perhaps, the Duster-man is wise. If he had put his name people might have shrugged their shoulders and said, "Pooh, what does he know about Society?" and left the book gasping on the stall for a purchaser.

### A Poser for the Chancellor of the Exchequer

I REMEMBER Sir William Harcourt saying to a friend whom his death duties Bill had hit very badly, "My dear fellow, these things right themselves." "These things" have been multiplied beyond any imagining of that great, if predatory, statesman. Income tax, super-tax, local taxes, etc., have now risen to such an amount that, as I told you a little time ago, one of the richest men in the country only gets 4*s*. 6*d*. out of every 20*s*. of his income for himself.

Here is my poser for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. To my knowledge a number of elderly people who are childless, and have no particular personal claims upon their consideration, rather than deprive old servants and retainers of their livelihood, or let houses fall into disrepair, and village and other charities suffer, are selling out capital to meet taxation. This is the old feudal tradition of responsibility.

Your Socialist will shrug his shoulders and say all they have really belongs to the State, but the one thing the Socialist never seems to grasp is what is the State going to do when it has spent all the capital, year by year, as if it were income? And will the Chancellor of the Exchequer come down for income tax on capital that is sold to pay taxation?

*Photograph* *Newspaper Illustrations*

**AN ALLIANCE OF ART**

**The wedding of Surgeon-Commander Oscar Parkes, R.N., the well-known marine artist, took place at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, last week. The bride, Miss Natalie Randall, is herself a singer of note, and her father, Maurice Randall, is also an artist**

### Just in Time

MR. PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON timed his return to this country to coincide nicely with a fall in the price of champagne and signs of a return towards sanity on the part of the Liquor Control Board. It almost looks, you know, as if he wasn't very popular—especially as he will still be prevented, by all the majesty of British Law, from obtaining chocolates after 8 p.m. It is understood that Mr. Johnson is here for a holiday. Well, I hope it keeps dry for him, and that he'll have a positively "fizzing" time.

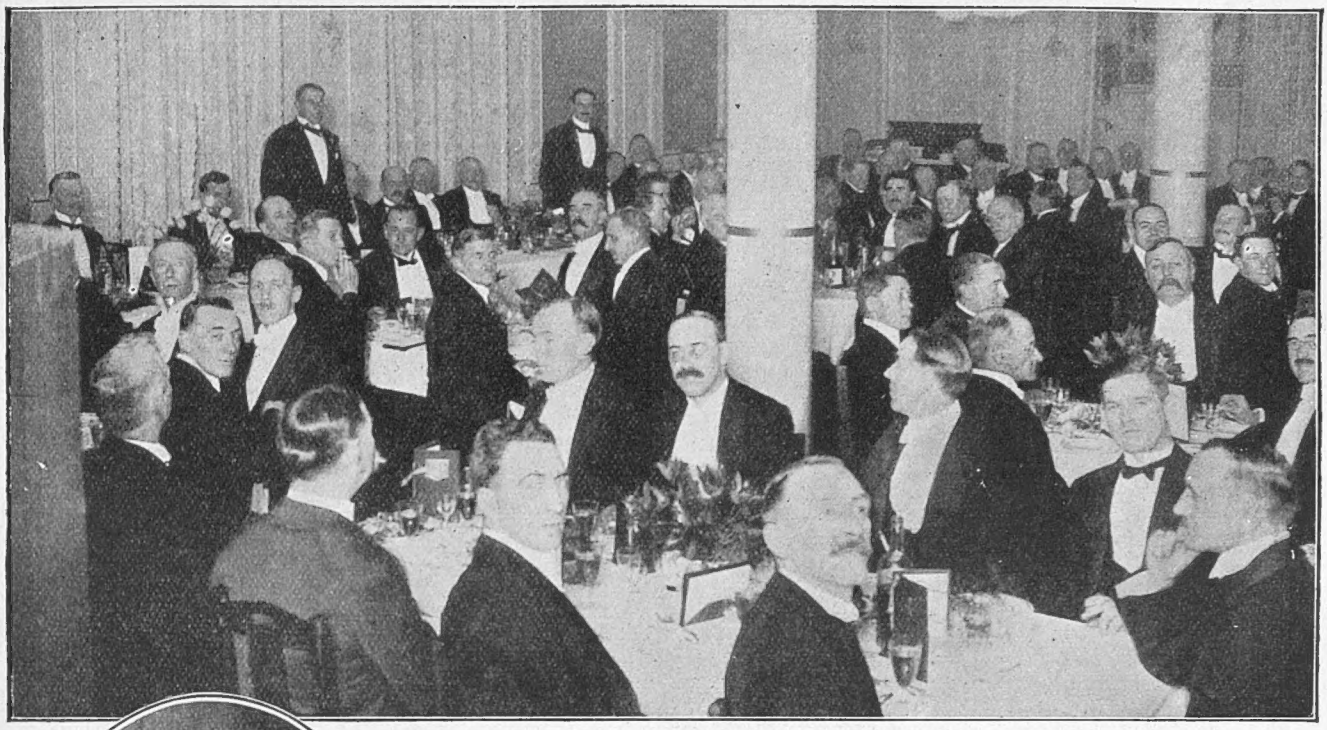
*Photograph* *Bassano, Ltd.*

**FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE**

**Miss Jean Hamilton, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Ernest Hamilton, who is to marry Mr. J. W. Buchanan-Jardine, the only son of Sir Robert and Lady Buchanan-Jardine, early in June. Mr. Buchanan-Jardine has only just returned from a tour round the world.**

### The Academy

THE first impression made by this year's exhibition at Burlington House is its smallness, and when you look at your catalogue you see there are only 557 oil paintings. The slaughter has been ruthless, and great will be the lamentations amongst the old exhibitors and their admirers. No John Colliers, no Briton Rivières, no Oliviers, and no umpteen others we always looked for and found.



*Photograph]* **A NOTABLE GATHERING OF LITERARY AND BUSINESS MEN** *[G.P.U.*

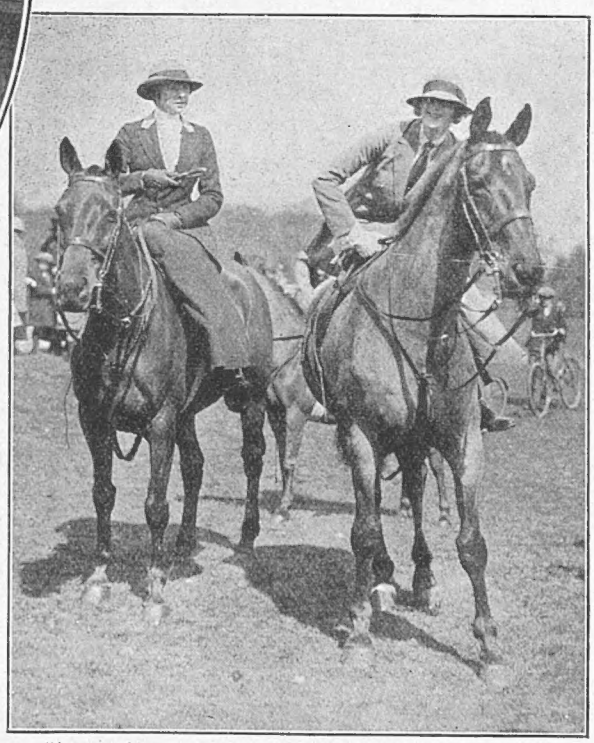
**Mr. William E. Berry and Mr. J. Gomer Berry (both seen standing in the photograph), the chiefs of a great allied publication and printing enterprise, last week entertained at dinner the heads of their numerous publication and printing undertakings. The combination is, indeed, a huge one, comprising as it does such enterprises as "The Sunday Times," "The Financial Times," St. Clement's Press, Graphic Publications, Cassell and Co. (including the Waverley Book Company and the Riverside Printing Works), Suttley and Silverlock, Kelly's Directories and the Leadenhall Press**

**A YOUNG EXHIBITOR**

**Miss Eileen Soper, who is only fifteen years old, has had two etchings accepted by the Academy. She is seen at work in her father's process room. Mr. George Soper is also exhibiting**

Their places have been taken by weird and fearsome pictures—damsels who appear to be arrayed in dull-coloured sackcloth and are suffering from bad cricks in their necks or kinks in their elbows. It would seem that the Hanging Committee, smarting under the accusation of conservatism, chocolate-boxism, and all the other charges hurled at them by Chelsea since many years, have suddenly determined to show they are as "modern" as the most day-after-to-morrow young men and women who think they can paint and have never learnt to draw.

At any rate, the "new school" has been given its chance, and Burlington House, for the most part, is a dreary spectacle in consequence. It will be interesting to see what the general public makes of it all, and, when all is said and done, the general public isn't a connoisseur in the various grains of canvas. Generally speaking, it seemed to me that the coarser the canvas used for the portrayal of flat-chested, no-figured, and grey-faced women, the less the amount of pigment.



*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**CONSTANCE, DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER**

**With her daughter, Lady Ursula Grosvenor, at a recent meet of the New Forest buckhounds at Lyndhurst. Lady Ursula is a most indefatigable horsewoman**

### Some Happy Exceptions

HAPPILY, Sir John Lavery, Cadogan Cowper, J. J. Shannon, Sir William Orpen, and others of our portrait painters, have not fallen beneath the new theories. Of Sir John's three portraits I like the one of Lady Katharine Somerset—now Lady Katharine Lambton—the best. It is a study in black, dark blue, and a grey that is almost stone colour. I don't know which are the most bewitching, the slender, delicate hands in the long grey gloves, or the side curls beneath an effort in millinery which is beyond the pen of man to describe. The whole note of the

portrait is *espièglе*. The tip-tilted nose, the slender neck, and the brilliant eyes remind one of Reynolds's Lady Betty Forster.

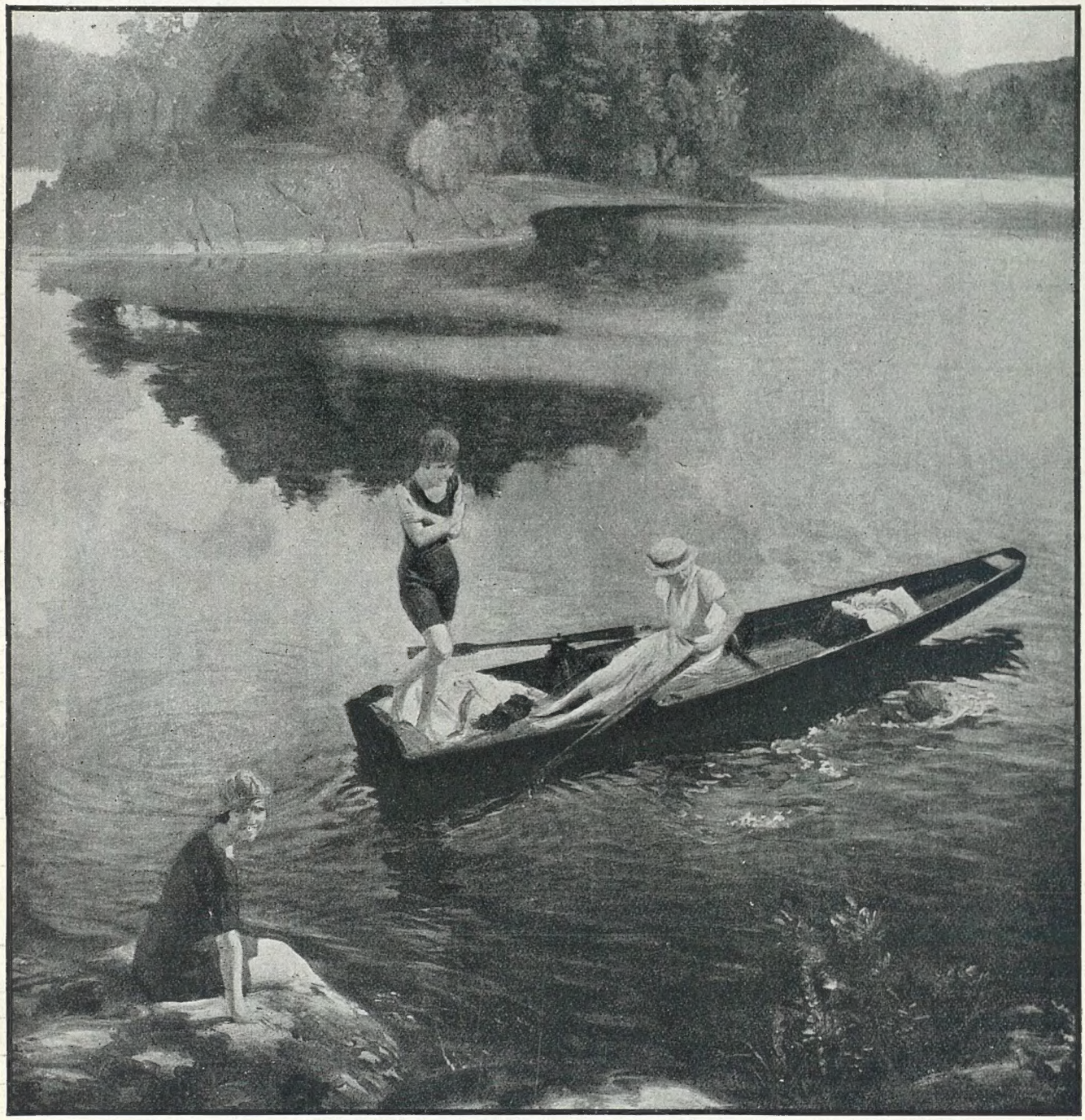
Lady Vernon's portrait by Cadogan Cowper is a vision in pink. All is pink, even the big single ostrich feather held in fainter pink fingers. There are two clever notes of relief in the pearl necklace and in the blue and yellow flowers at the waist.

Lady Vernon was a war-bride, being married in 1915, the year in which her husband succeeded, as ninth baron, to the title. Lord Vernon was then a lieutenant in the Navy—later he became a lieutenant-commander.

His brother, the eighth baron, was one of the little coterie that gathered about Princess Antoine Bibesco and Lady Diana Cooper when they were still bachelor-girls. He was *persona grata* in Arlington and Downing Streets.

Once whilst the little coterie was in Venice he startled Venetian society to its foundations by leaping into the Grand Canal one night after dinner in his evening clothes and swimming across to the other side. But there was no Hero waiting for the noble Leander on the chilly stones of the Dogana, and he had to return to the hotel, dripping, in a gondola. He went out to France with the Derbyshire Yeomanry, and fell in 1915, and then his brother, who was only a year younger, reigned in his stead.

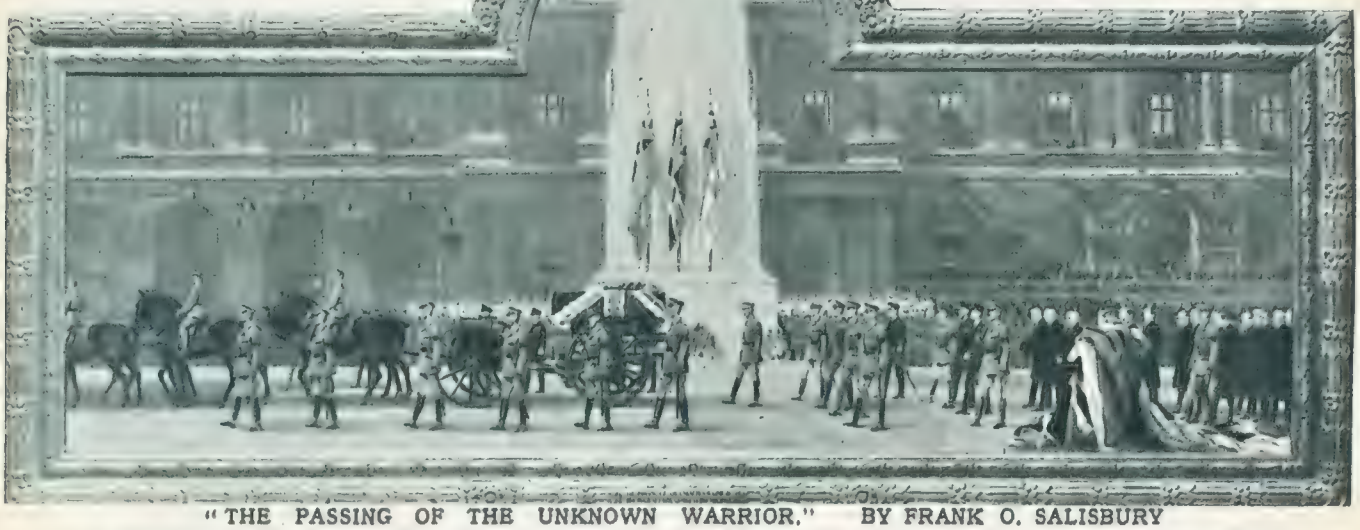
Lady Vernon was *née* Clay, and is a cousin of Sir Edward Nightingale, who holds a baronetcy with an unusual history. It lay dormant for over seventy years because five successive heirs never assumed the title.



"A SWEDISH LAKE." BY E. G. EKDAHL

*The copyright of these Academy pictures are strictly reserved for the artists by Walter Judd, Ltd., publishers of the "Royal Academy Illustrated."*

# ACADEMY PICTURES 1921



"THE PASSING OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR." BY FRANK O. SALISBURY

"EEL-SPEARING IN PROVENCE." BY H. H. LA THANGUE, R.A.

# Two Beautiful Paintings

LADY KATHERINE SOMERSET. BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

THE LADY VERNON. BY F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.

*ACADEMY PICTURES* 1921 *(concluded)*

# A Striking Portrait

H.M. THE KING. BY A. T. NOWELL

*(By permission of the Governors of the Leys School, Cambridge)*

**WHY CHILDREN GO TO CHURCH?**

By Stan Terry

Mrs. De Style: "Marie, I'll take one of the children to church with me this morning—which one will go best with this gown?"

# The New Diplomacy

BY HORACE WYNDHAM

It is officially reported that, during the (half-time) interval in a recent battle, the Turkish and Greek troops played a football match between teams selected from each army.

Our political correspondent informs us that this bright idea is to be applied to the settlement of international disputes on a larger scale. Some colour is lent to such a theory by a report that the Army Council are considering a scheme to enlist experts for special service in the following branches: Dominoes, cocoanut-shying, spotting-the-lady, clock-golf, and nine-pins, etc. Offers of service should be accompanied by properly vouched statements of lowest handicap.

As soon as the above system has been generally adopted the war news in the daily papers may be expected to read more or less as follows:

Trouble having arisen between the Emperor of Timbuctoo and the Grand Llama of Thibet, a friendly ping-pong match has been arranged to smooth over the point at issue. It is thought that, thanks to this provision, not more than half a dozen Army Corps will be required to restore complete tranquillity.

Owing to the efforts of the League of Nations, there is a temporary suspension of hostilities in Khamskatka. Each of the parties to the dispute has agreed to refer the matter to the decision of a shove-ha'penny board. The terms are, the winner of the best two out of three games to be adjudged victorious. General Ikey Mo (who, on the last occasion, successfully put it across Colonel Leery Cove) is a hot favourite.

The Chinese-Siamese imbroglio (which, at one time, threatened to assume very serious proportions) is already yielding to diplomacy. General T'cha and Marshal H'a, the commanders of the rival factions, have been instructed by their respective Governments to play one another at noughts-and-crosses. The latest betting is 100—1 T'cha (taken and offered).

Stop Press News

International Crown-and-Anchor Hostilities. Results: Caucasia, one down; Khamskatka, two up (an objection lodged); Cannibal Islands, scratched; Lapland, a bye.

## FROM OUR PESSIMIST

Mr. Justice MacCardie asserts that men seem to be forgetting the meaning of an oath. Intense indignation prevails in the Billingsgate district.

* * * *

Summer is on the way. Four-and-a-half degrees of frost have been registered at Kingston-on-Thames.

* * * *

An American visitor has crossed the Atlantic 189 times. Prohibition has much to answer for.

* * * *

At Willesden Police Court it was stated recently that a woman not only took charge of her neighbours' savings and exacted a fee for her services, but refused to disburse on application. Her plea that she was merely emulating the Chancellor of the Exchequer was ignored.

# An Astronomical Note

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A SECOND ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

# Regimental Dinners

BY "BOW-WINDOW"

DURING the next two months most regiments will hold their regimental dinners. The regimental dinner is a custom much prized by officers of the British Army. It is the one regimental function of the year that every officer, past and present, makes a point of trying to attend.

THE origin of the custom is undoubtedly the ancient practice of having a banquet after a battle. We know that in Roman days Cæsar's centurions used to foregather when they returned from their campaigns. In our own time among less sophisticated peoples, it is customary after an inter-tribal war to gather round the stew-pot and partake of delicious *salmi de captif*.

HOWEVER, to return to our own island and the customs thereof, the regimental dinner is a sort of big family gathering that it does those of us who are no longer serving a whole twelve months' good to attend. If it wasn't for the regimental dinner we should lose all sight of old comrades. As it is, fellows turn up unexpectedly from all corners of the world, and many a hearty hand-grip is exchanged.

THERE is a peculiarity about a regimental dinner that I do not think any other similar function has. It is the complete, final, and ultimate test of good-fellowship. A man may have been broken in fortune, he may have made hideous staff blunders in the war, he may have received and even merited obloquy in the Press for some act in civil life. Whatever he has done—except it be one thing—will be no matter. Provided he has done nothing to tarnish the honour of the regiment, his place will be laid at table at the annual regimental dinner.

THERE is only one order of precedence at a regimental dinner. A man may have become a Cabinet Minister, a political scapegoat, a captain of industry, or a cab-driver. It is no matter; at his regimental dinner he will be treated exactly as though he was occupying his old place in the regiment.

THERE is a touch of pathos in seeing a young looking Major-General, covered with orders, going up to a white-haired old gentleman, whose rank is Lieut.-Colonel, and saying, respectfully, "Good evening, sir!" The white-haired old gentleman is the Major-General's old Colonel; he is still "the Colonel" to him, just as he was fifteen years ago when the Major-General was a subaltern, and etiquette ordained that he should say "good evening" first in the Mess.

THEN there is the young entry to be seen; the boys who have joined the regiment within the last year or two from Sandhurst. There is old X. He was a fellow subaltern with us in India. Don't we remember when we were both brought in front of the Colonel on a charge of improper treatment of natives. Old X had thrown a boot at his punkah "wallah" or something. He left the regiment ages ago and went into politics. He is Sir Somebody Something now. He is one of the advocates of India for the Indians, and made a big speech in the House the other night. We will go up and chip him, and ask if he remembers the punkah-wallah and the boot.

THERE is Bobby—looking just the same as ever in spite of his glass eye. It must be almost exactly six years ago that we were sitting in the same trench with Bobby outside Ypres, 75 per cent. of the men hit, and half a field-gun and no ammunition behind us. Bobby remarked on that occasion: "If we get through this, my boy, we will drink a glass of port to it at the next regimental dinner." We will sit next Bobby to-night and drink that glass of port—perhaps two.

WHICH reminds me of a story. There was once a young married couple, completely devoted. On only one night in the year was the young wife ever unhappy. This was on the night her husband went to his regimental dinner. She explained her sorrow amid tears to a woman friend as follows: "I know George is quite devoted to me—he always says he'd have to be drunk before he could look at another woman."

"Of course, he adores you, darling," said the girl friend. "What is the matter?"

"Well, George never has anything to drink as a rule, and at the regimental dinner there are so many t-t-t-oasts."

*Photograph* *Central News*

**JOHANNESBURG'S WELCOME TO EARL HAIG**

Field-Marshal and Lady Haig, with the Mayor and Mayoress, photographed on the steps of the Johannesburg Town Hall after the civic welcome

# Some Curtain Raiser!!

BY WILL OWEN

THE MANAGER: "Now then, we're all ready, run up the curtain"

THE NEW HAND: "Wot yer talkin' about—'run up the curtain'—think I'm a bloomin' squirrel?"

# "A Rebel Maid"

*Photograph* MISS BETTY CHESTER *Foulsham and Banfield*

A charming study of this versatile young actress as she appears in the clever costume operetta at the Empire, "The Rebel Maid." Miss Chester is the embodiment of musical vivacity

# THE PEEP SHOW
AT THE HIPPODROME

By "JINGLE"
*Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.*

THERE are flashes of genius in this revue, with its beautiful mounting and agreeably refreshing fun. We begin with a laughable burlesque of the modest American gentleman who designs to chip a piece from the moon with his giant sky-rocket. We see the great rocket about to ascend, while the tub-thumping "Professor" explains the reason why his invention is positively going to succeed. Mr. Stanley Lupino is the moving spirit of the fun, and here, as elsewhere during the evening, he keeps things going boisterously. As will be readily understood the rocket duly reaches its appointed destination, as the journey is shorter by some millions of miles on the stage than in real life. The two venturesome travellers are naturally pleased to find themselves on the moon, which is apparently not the dead and sterile place it is usually represented to be. On the contrary, there are any number of nice girls up there, and I think as soon as Cook's Tours are extended that far I will call and get a prospectus.

THE intrepid explorers, Mr. Stanley Lupino and Mr. Reginald Sharland, are received by Miss Annie Croft, who explains to them a few of the lunar ways and customs. There is, of course, the housing question there as everywhere; but they order these things better in the moon. Instead of

worrying about whether the bricklayers are to lay one brick per diem, or one and a bit, the lunar authorities solve the question by keeping the population at a stationary figure. There is just one house for every person, and if a baby should be born it is perfectly clear that somebody must be done in so as to create a vacancy for the new householder. There may be objections to this arrangement; but I think everybody will agree that it has at least the merit of perfect simplicity. As it happens, a birth is announced while the explanation is going on, and the visitors are distressed to learn that Miss Croft has thereby become liable for the death duty, as it were. But they naturally feel that it would be a pity to waste such a charming creature on a mere funeral, and so they take her with them back to earth. Strictly speaking, I suppose, her mother ought to have been told about it, though, of course, social customs in the moon could not be expected to be the same as those in Tooting or Hampstead. The descent in the rocket is most divertingly shown, and the illusion that makes it appear to be falling into a rather angry sea is so surprisingly perfect that it is greeted with a storm of applause.

MONA VIVIAN AS LOTTIE COLLINS

FRED ALLANDALE, MONA VIVIAN AND STANLEY LUPINO

THE fair visitor from the moon is then personally conducted to some of the beauty spots of earth. There is a visit to the "Castle of MacBluff," occupied by a wealthy and eminently practical American who has come to collect the mountain dew at its source. Incidentally, a sort of gathering of the clans is supplied by a number of nice girls in kilts and things, and the fine glamour of Scots romance is over it all, with the ghost of Bonnie Prince Charlie thrown in as a sort of make-weight. Then, of course, the housing question crops up again; but in this instance it is embellished by some real humour.

IN a flash we are taken back to "Pre-War Land," and the first thing you see is a whole street full of houses to be let for immediate occupation. The butcher's shop shows that the price of beef is sixpence a pound, while sugar is practically given away. The butcher himself is polite to the degree of deference, and when his lady customer buys a threepenny chop and asks him if he can send it, he says the motor-van shall make a special journey with it at once. Those were days fit for heroes if you like!

(Continued on page 271)

BY HIGGINS

# DIPLOMACY

# Knitting Terms

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

"ONE PEARL AND TWO PLAIN"

## LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

BUT I think the real, scintillating gem of the entertainment is "The Song Shop." The producers have conceived the very happy idea of resuscitating some of the old *lions comiques* of thirty years ago or so, and the laughter during this

scene is loud and long. We laugh not only at the clever burlesques to which we are introduced, but also at the recollection that we actually took delight in such transparently cheap rubbish in the days of our youth. There is Mr. Charles Godfrey singing once again his famous ditty entitled "Hi-tiddly-hi-ti!" a delicious piece of nonsense. Then we have Mr. Charles Coborn with "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," and so on; while the uplifting song about "Beer, Glorious Beer!" is given with the energy and fervour so lofty a theme demands. In these days, when Pussyfoot is on his way here with "big" American money in order to tinker with the British Constitution, there is nothing like hammering eternal truths into the public mind. Finally, there is a really glorious burlesque of the Maggie Duggan school, in the exaggerated "tights" of the period, by Miss Mona Vivian. This is an extremely able performance, and brings Miss Vivian into the front rank at once. I have not laughed so joyously for years.

THERE is a very pretty little ballet representing the adjuncts—or such of them as may be discreetly shown—of "My Lady's Dressing Table." After which Mr. Stanley Lupino presents a very funny scene, entitled "Curing a Cold." All the fussy people who are usually on hand on these occasions are here in their right order; while the one man who knows a good cure for colds and has got it in his pocket is tyrannously silenced until the end of the turn, when everybody recognises at once that he is talking sense. And it isn't cocoa, either! Another laughable turn is "Capt. Speckleton's Lecture," delivered by Mr. Fred Allandale. A few lurid magic-lantern slides illustrate the

lecture with highly coloured scenes that are extravagantly droll. We see the good ship setting out for its Arctic voyage, with the crew waving tender farewells to their wives, a function that seems to engage their attention at every different port they leave. But then, as the dear old song says, you know what sailors are! Hereabouts the programme is varied by the introduction of "An Old Dutch Garden," a very charming scene, in which a gentleman with a fine voice joins Miss Desirée Ellinger in singing about an old romance from fairy lore. It is all very attractive and tasteful to a degree.

THE thirteenth peep is called "Down Dickens Street." Various scenes are shown from the great man's works, and most of the more prominent characters appear in due course "by means of Lightning Changes of Costume and Make-Up," as the programme explicitly puts it. *The Peep Show* seems to me to be quite an ideal entertainment for those who want to be heartily amused, and I don't see why, with an occasional halt for repairs, it should not run for ever. JINGLE

# THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

## THE TRAGEDY OF THE CARICATURE

MES AMIS—

IT is not quite known whether it is Mlle. Cecile Sorel who has discovered Caricature, or if it is Caricature which has discovered Mlle. Cecile Sorel. But all the world does know that they have made the acquaintance, in a fashion *un peu bruyant*. And all the world knows, also, that they are not the friends. *Franchement*, they have fallen into the enmity at the first sight. There is bound to be of the trouble—much of the trouble. Caricature has taken a step beyond the edge of security when it has ventured into the realm *sévère* of Mlle. Cecile Sorel. One cannot take the liberties with Mlle. Sorel. Mlle. Cecile is an institution. She is under the protection of tradition just as much as are the tapestries of the Gobelins or the masterpieces in the marble at the Louvre.

THE tradition of Mlle. Sorel is her beauty and her charm. It is for some years now—I must not say how many—that Mlle. Cecile Sorel has swayed the sceptre in the realm of beauty and of elegance. And there has been not anyone to dispute. She has been "the" *élégante*. Not merely the *élégante* of the stage, but the *élégante* of the whole of fashion. If there has been the new movements in the way to dress all the reporters have had to ask the opinion of Mlle. Cecile, just as certainly as they have had to ask M. Camille Flammarion where to find the lost star, Pons Winnecke, or the Archbishop on the progress of the "shimmy."

MLLE. CECILE SOREL has never been too *ennuyée* to give to the journalists her opinion. She has all the time been *gracieuse*, as the queen above the challenge has the *devoir* so to be.

IN the despite of the trials of the rehearsals at the Comédie-Française she has explained to the reporters what has ought to be done, in the manner to dress, with the fresh charm of one who has to it devoted the whole of her attention. And in the consequence she has been, journalistically, the most run-after of the many beautiful women who live in Paris. She is *the* Parisienne of Parisiennes.

AND now a caricaturist with the most undignified name of "Bib" has pulled faces at our *institution* (*de beauté*). It would not have mattered much, of course, if it had been his own face that the impertinent M. Bib has pulled. But it is the face of Mlle. Sorel. He has pulled it completely out of shape. There is not anyone who has seen it who has been able to believe that Mlle. Cecile Sorel is beautiful—if they have not already known that (which they would, of course, do if they have not come straight from a village with a pump). And it is said that not any person would have known that the picture has been a caricature of Mlle. Sorel if the artist has not written upon it "Cecile Sorel"—to be quite sure.

"He is looking like a cheese"

"'I am beautiful,' she said"

FOR it has shown a face like the witch of Pendle Hill with a leer like that which French artists have given to the Kaiser at the time of sinking of the *Lusitania*. It has been a horrid thing at which to look.

(*Continued on page 274*)

# Pictures from the Paris Salon

"LE JARDIN SECRET"
BY AUG. GORGUET

PORTRAIT DE MME. MERY DEL VAL
BY FLORA LION

"EVE"
BY JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE

## THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"They give themselves the permission to do the most unpleasant things"

Everyone does agree to that. But the gentleman with the name of the baby-serviette has thought that it is funny. He has had it hung in the *Salon* of the Humorists. But if M. Bib does think that he is a humorist, Mlle. Cecile Sorel has thought that he is a sacrilegist. She has the belief that beauty is a goddess at the shrine of which one must worship with the humility. It is the greatest of the crimes, she does believe, to attack the beauty with the savagery. "And I am beautiful," has she declared, when the reporters have run quickly to take down what she has wished to say. "I *know* that I am beautiful. And time alone has the right to disfigure me."

SHE has added that she believes M. Bib has made the "vulgar" sketch because he has wished to secure the *publicité* from her name instead of to get it with his own. That is why Mlle. Cecile Sorel has decided to teach him a lesson. At the first she has thought it would be the satisfaction if she has obtained some damages and the forbiddance of the *Salon des Humoristes* to exhibit the hated picture. But then, she has thought it would be more rapid to call round and knock the ugly thing to pieces. She has succeeded to break the glass, but has not accomplished to rent the *toile*. She has almost lost in the effort a ruby which has exactly the value of the amount of the damages which she has claimed through the law. Fortunately, she has recovered this. Otherwise the perky M. Bib perhaps might have been more perky than ever.

THE end of the trouble came very sudden. The Humoristes, who think they have a right to take the liberties with anything, determined to fight the action which Mlle. Sorel had begun, and they made a collection in the behalf of the broody Bib. M. Bib had on his side the most of the artists because they think that Mlle. Sorel has made a *faux pas*. Perhaps Mlle. Sorel has realised this for in a shake of braces everything has been appeased. Mademoiselle withdrew the action. But there were a number of people among the public who thought that she would have been wiser had she treated the caricature with the regal disdain instead of to make it a matter of the unqueenly squabble.

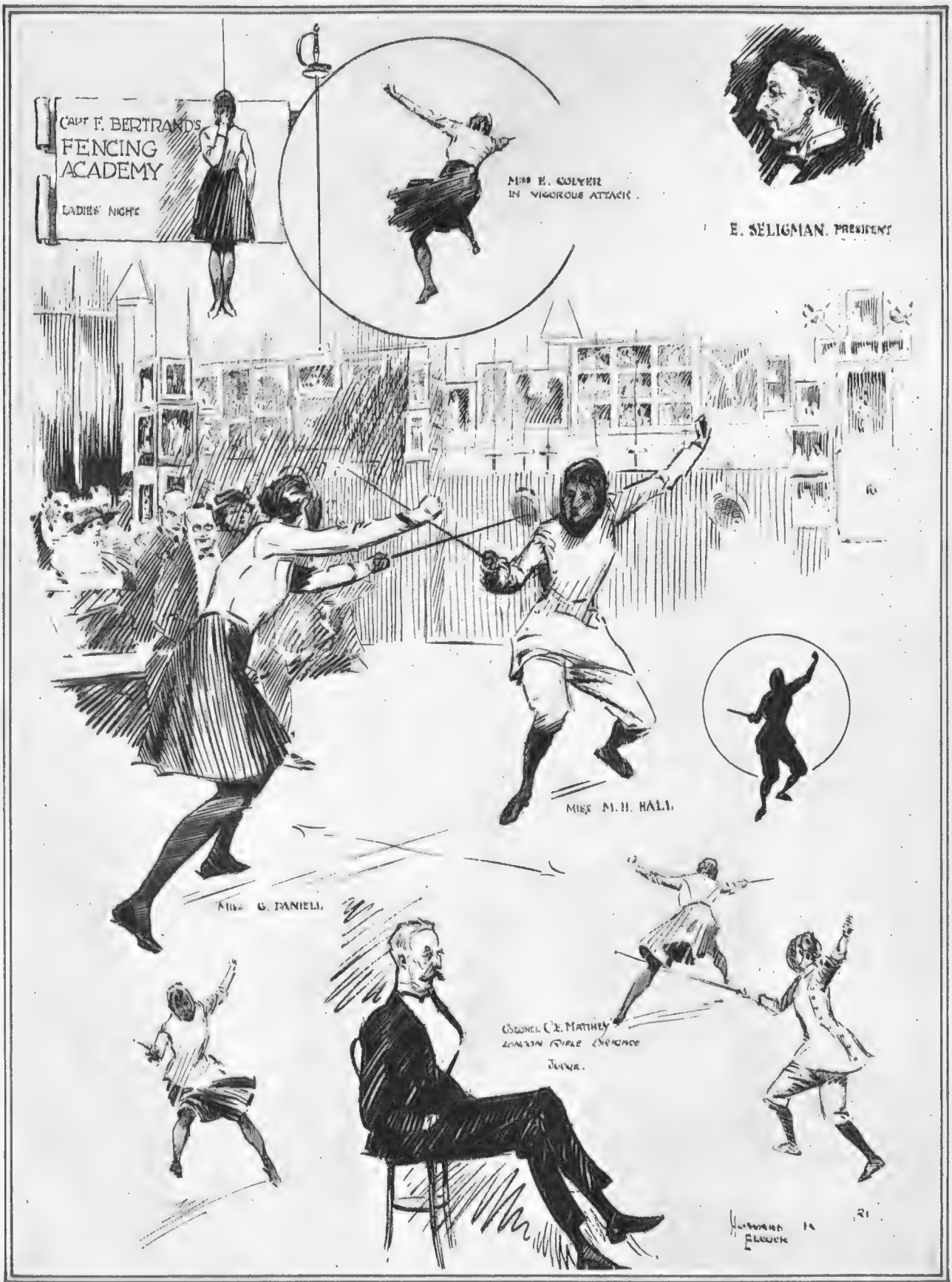
"She has succeeded to break the glass"

BUT it is much more easy to be calm, of course, when you are not the one to have been made to look like a horrid hag. And these artists do give themselves the permission to do the most unpleasant things with the heads and faces of the people whom they pretend to put upon their canvases. If it had not been for the excitement of the Bib bubble there is the case of Van Dongen and Anatole France, which would have filled the columns of the newspapers. It is not many people who have ever seen M. Anatole France, but it is those who have not seen him who are the most positive that he is not at all like Van Dongen has painted him.

VAN DONGEN has made the great author to look like a cheese—"like an overripe Camembert cheese," has said one very precise person who has studied carefully such things. It is of the most improbable that the great stylist will be pleased to be mistaken for a cheese—even a Camembert. And Van Dongen cannot make the excuse that he is not able to do any better. M. Bib might at the last have said that he is not able to come more near to an accurate portrait than the grinning shrew which he presented as Mlle. Cecile Sorel. But everyone knows that Van Dongen can paint in any way he pleases. *A quoi bon, alors?*

ROLAND

# The Art of the Foil




BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

**IMPRESSIONS AT THE LADIES' AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP**

At Capt. Bertrand's Fencing Academy the final pool to decide the Tenth Annual Ladies' Fencing Championship took place recently. Miss Daniell won the Championship after a tie with Miss Hall. Miss Colyer is also well known as a young lawn-tennis player of great promise. Bertrand's was in existence as far back as 1853—a haunt of both Royalists and Imperialists. What would they have said to the present régime of Feminists?

# THE THIEF

BY RICHARD DE ROUVILLE

I WAS sitting in the club smoking-room after dinner. The rich, comfortable arm-chair gave me a welcome sense of security.

I needed security for I was broke. My money gone for ever in the ruined mine, now no more than a well.

For years I have lived outside my income; for months I have been forced to look down upon the tragic sight of my depleted bank balance. Before it did not matter, the mine was my security, a sure fund of wealth—now. . . .

Now I am one thousand pounds overdrawn and if I go on drawing out cheques something's going to snap. Handcuffs most likely.

Around me as I sit are men of enormous wealth and prosperity, men who warm their fatted calves and bask in the reflection of their photos in the Press, their articles and words of wisdom written by their accursed secretaries.

"Economy," I hear a rich old fool bleat, "is the Nation's one hope of salvation. Economy and no strikes." As he spoke he extracted a most expensive cigar from his jewel-studded case.

Economy! D——n economy. Hadn't I just economised by having one dozen oysters instead of two, one bottle of champagne instead of three. D——n economy and . . .

Suddenly I glanced round the crowded room filled with well-fed bodies.

How I loathe wealth—in other people.

But what is this? They are all asleep!

Upon their expensive shirt-fronts hang their great fat heads, bowed in slumber.

Everyone? No, it cannot be possible.

I jumped from my chair. Yes, there they were, fast asleep after their huge dinners. They reeked of money.

Money . . . money. The word recalled unpleasant memories to me. What was it that haunted my every cheque? Ah! I knew, I knew. It was the lack of it. I hadn't any.

Slowly my gaze fell upon these great fat magnates, heavy in their expensive sleep: why shouldn't I be rich again and enjoy the ecstasy of well-fed repose?

My conscience gave a leap, but I swallowed it whole and prepared for the dastardly deed.

Quickly from man to man I passed, emptying their notes from heavy gold cases, filching the loose money from their silk-lined pockets. My coat bulged with thick wads of notes. I wondered if my braces would stand the strain of so much gold and jewellery.

Not a member stirred: ramming two thousand pound notes in my own diamond-studded cigarette-case I hurried from the room.

Down the wide flight of stairs, into the cloak-room and then to the hall, my ill-gotten wealth concealed beneath a fifteen guinea overcoat. The street door swung open to my touch and then . . .

I felt a heavy thud on my shoulder.

"Good God, the police!"

"No, sir, beg pardon, sir——"

I looked up into the immobile face of the club footman.

"Er— —er, were you wanting any coal, sir?"

Stupefied by my nightmare I looked blankly at him. I looked at my hands, grimy and blackened; at my clothes, in an awful mess.

Kneeling in front of the coal scuttle I'd been emptying the contents into my pockets.

But the mine's still flooded.

THE FUN OF THE FILM

By Frank Sherwin

PIERROT: "Hello! What's become of that terrible actor-brother of yours?"
PIERRETTE: "Oh! he's still being screened."
PIERROT: "Really! For the movies or from the police?"

# Things That Never Happen

OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE

BY VICTOR HICKS

LABOUR SAYS "SATISFIED!"

# With the Crowhurst Otterhounds

**PICKING UP THE SCENT**

Some excellent otter hunting has been enjoyed with the Crowhurst at Robertsbridge. The hounds are here seen picking up the scent. Inset: Stiff going—but this sort of thing is only to be expected

*Photographs* *Photo Illustrations Co.*

**OUTSIDE THE MASTER'S HOUSE**

The close of the fox-hunting season signals the opening of sport with the otter, which promises plenty of excitement for its followers. The Crowhurst Pack is at present run by Mr. S. W. Varndell, who is seen chatting with Major G. Buchanan-Scott before the meet. The field, though not very large, is very keen and has been rewarded by some excellent sport

# "IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

## A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *May 2*

DEAR COUSIN—

S'POSE one oughtn't to, what with all the appalling things that seem to be happening all around, but, somehow, when this merrie month of May duly and truly does arrive, never can help feeling, anyway, just a bittock (as they say in N.B.) uplifted and making a moderately good effort at the merrie touch myself, can you? The world of nature at least does smile so softly and gently and soothingly at you, however the other one may threaten and frown.

卐 卐

THE spring trees haven't yet lost their freshness, even in the (now demobilised) London parks, and the meadows are just beginning to be really green, and the lawns to take on that lovely smooth, velvety look which is partly their own early summer wear and partly the result of seasonable and repeated rollings and mowings by assiduous gardeners, amateur or pro., reawakened from the idle stupor of the winter months. Just a few pioneers among the spring flowers have already passed, but the rest are still with us, and the summer ones are coming to join them before their time.

卐 卐

AS I write, soft wafts of lilac scent come floating in through the open window in gusts of gorgeous fragrance, the apple-blossom clusters thickly in pale pinks and rich reds along the gnarled boughs, and someone's just sent me from Sussex the loveliest cluster of little creamy-yellow roses all out in bloom, heralds of even more beautiful outdoor days to come. Days to be looked forward to and treasured, days when you feel right to your very finger-tips how truly, as the poet sings:

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace. . . .

卐 卐

THAT time lies still ahead—the time of summer roses and rapture, of wide-eyed mornings already quivering with heat, when you seek the shadiest garden tree to put the breakfast table under, of staring noons with a triumphant sultry sun shining from a speckless deep-blue sky, of languorous perfumed evenings that, under our summer time *régime*, seem never to come to their end. But this Maytime surely, too, is at least equally fascinating, with its still-budding trees, its songs of birds, and glorious freshness of all growing things—not to mention more urban joys.

卐 卐

AND it's the time, too, isn't it? when a young man's (and maiden's) fancy traditionally turns to . . . all sorts of (some say) equally delightful

"The loveliest cluster of roses"

things. Including (I gather) such things as a kiss, which, by the way, according to Mr. W. J. Locke, in one of the novels of the moment, *The Mountebank*, must "mean either very much or very little." It may be the very devil of a thing, leading to two or three dozen honourably born grandchildren, or to suicide, or to celibate addiction to cats, or to Eugenic propaganda. . . . A kiss is nothing unless you feel it in your toes. Then look out. . . .

"Her expression changes with every new hat"

卐 卐

HAVE you ever felt it in your —I mean, what *awful* things these novelist people do write about us, don't they? Though *rather* intriguing, all the same, sometimes, and just occasionally more or less to the point. Dress, for instance, *is*, I suppose, really woman's second-best excitement, as one of them remarks—leave it to you to name the first-best one. And a new hat (or two or three) not only an absolute *sine qua non* when springtime's really and unmistakably here, but the greatest tonic and thrill in the world (with, p'raps, one

exception) for every right-minded and reasonable woman, what?

卐 卐

LOT of philosophy about woman and dress going about these days, you know (though when wasn't there?), and mostly the inspired and (sometimes) ecstatic inspiration of men-writers, of course.

"Labour must rule"

It has been calculated, writes one, that a woman spends at least seven years of her life in trying things on, and another seven years in changing her costume. Another seven is spent before her mirror, with her hands fumbling with her hair and her mouth full of hairpins. . . . Woman changes her name, and changes her identity and changes her expression with every new hat she buys. She loves change, and is a restless creature. . . .

卐 卐

YES, and if she didn't change, wouldn't the aforesaid (and other) philosophers be most extraordinarily bored with her? However—gives himself away in the same breath, he does, by remarking that, after all, "women were never meant to be scrutinised; they were meant to be kissed and loved." With which last truly spring-like piece of philosophy we will now conclude this chapter on spring, et cet., and, perhaps, we'd better leave it at that. Shall us? Let's.

卐 卐

NOT all rural, of course, the joys of this Maytime as ever is. No less than five first nights at the theatres last week, for instance, in spite of the slump that spelt more or less empty houses while the big crisis was on. Seething crowds at Newmarket last week, coal strike notwithstanding, and the array of dances grows ever thicker and thicker, not only the restaurant or club kind, I mean, but private or charity ones, like the League of Mercy Ball to be held at the Hyde Park Hotel this Friday, and even some (only they're very few and far between these days) that are being given at private houses.

"Something more stimulating than lemonade"

MEANS such a general upset, really (especially now that household staffs have to be so carefully watched and coddled and studied lest they should shake your dust off their shoes at a moment's notice or none at all) that the dance-in-your-own-home is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, except for just a few of the very rash or very rich. The one great advantage being, of course, that you can at least give your guests a *proper* supper, with something more stimulating than lemonade or grenadine or fruit cup to sustain their flagging spirits against the strain of fox-trotting or one-stepping or waltzing through the smaller hours. Though now that they're really seriously talking of relaxing the Pussyfoot *régime* quite soon, I suppose even that one point of superiority will shortly go by the board.

卐 卐

MEANWHILE—the pound is worth just 8*s.* 7*d.*, the Budget gives no relief to the taxpayer though "we have passed the limit of bearable taxation." Labour in its May Day manifesto calls the workers to arms with the slogan "Labour must rule," and most of the great nations are hard put to it to meet their bills—or rather to stave off their creditors—not to mention more serious and menacing sorts of unrest, in Hunland and elsewhere.

卐 卐

IS it, I wonder—as Miss Violet Markham puts it in her very clever book about the Germany of to-day, called *A Woman's Watch on the Rhine*—is it that "the post-war chaos appears so complete that men turn from it in despair"? Moral disillusion and weariness (according to *her* philosophy) have their counterparts in recklessness and wild extravagance. There is a sense of an approaching Twilight of the Gods, of a collapse of the foundations of society. Therefore let us eat, drink, and be merry, on the brink of the chasm, though it be, before the darkness swallows us up . . .

卐 卐

WE'VE been told so often that we're on the brinks of chasms without falling in that I'm afraid the warning has rather lost its power to move most of us, however urgent it be. This time, though, I really do believe we really are in rather a bad way. But I b'lieve also we shall, as usual, pull through somehow, anyhow, and even against all reason. Anyway, simply *got* to believe it, haven't we, now the season's just starting and all? And no use looking *too* far ahead for trouble, is it, in this life where—

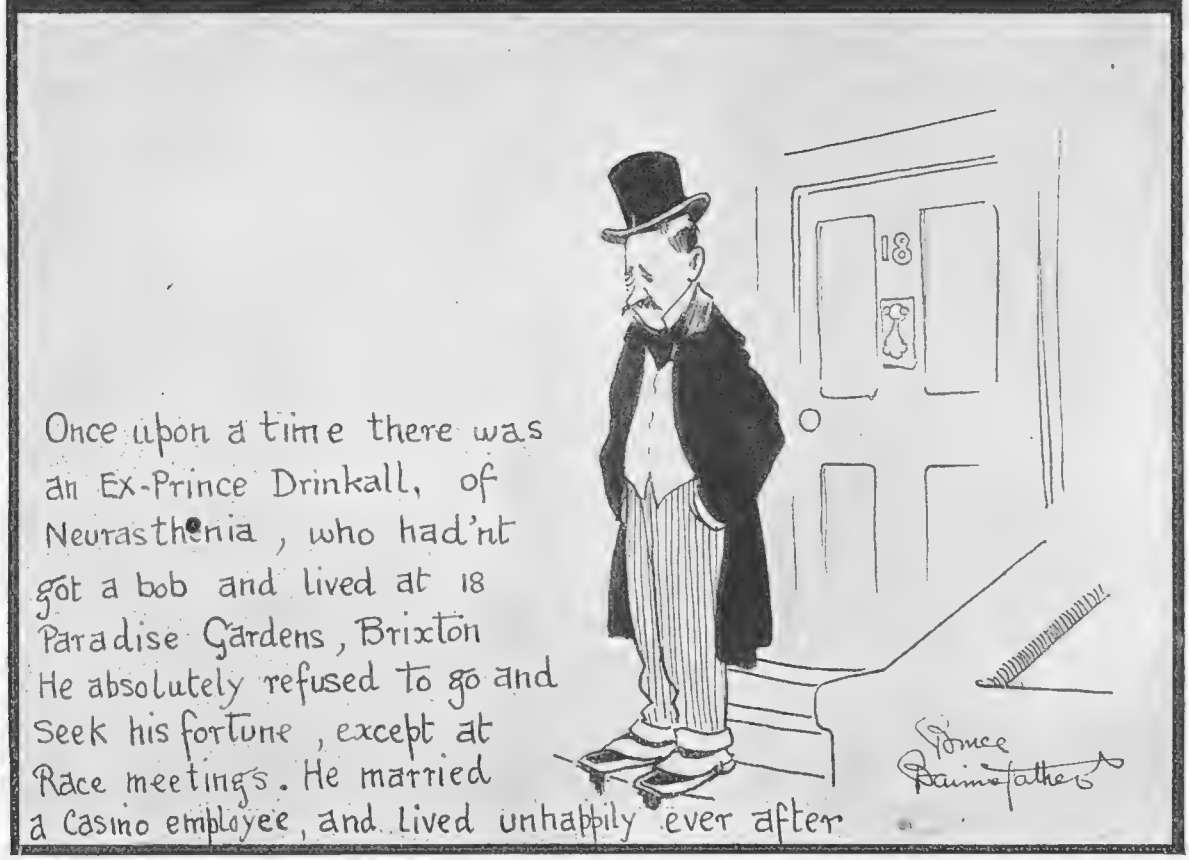
> Look thy last on all things lovely
> Every hour. . . .

is really the only sound sort of philosophy that poets or anyone else have yet discovered?

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

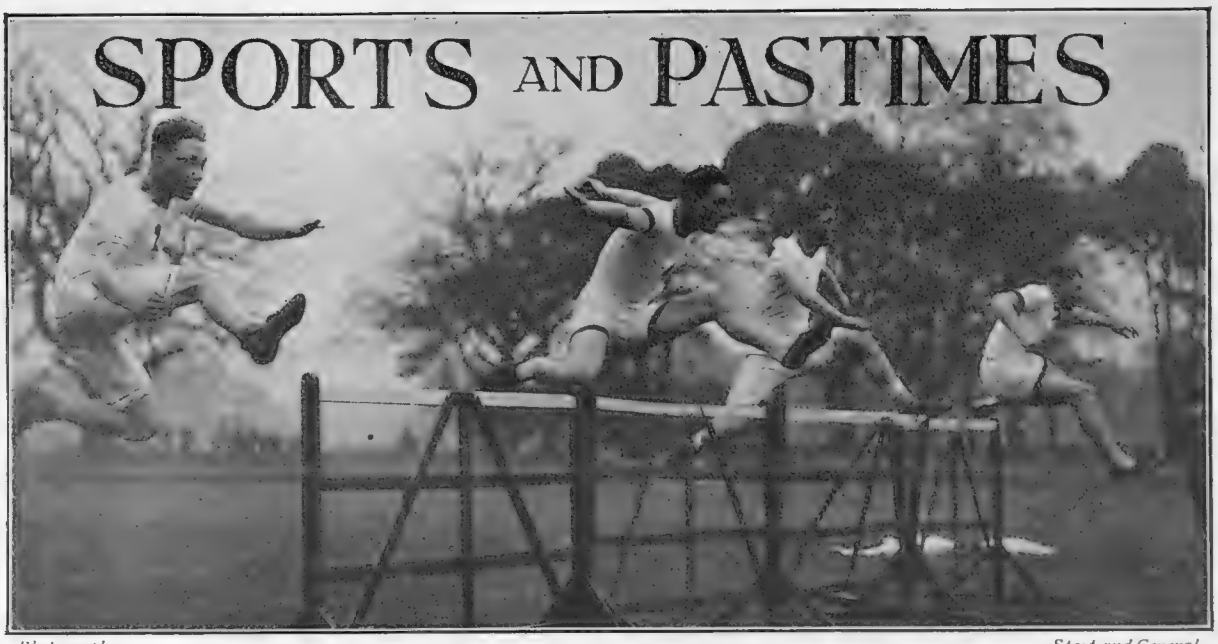
# The Modern Prince Charming




BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

IT'S HIGH TIME OUR FAIRY BOOKS WERE BROUGHT UP TO DATE

# SPORTS AND PASTIMES



*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**SANDHURST *v.* CRANWELL: THE HURDLES WINNER LEADS OVER THE FIRST FLIGHT**

**In view of their forthcoming contest with the R.M.A. and also because the R.A.F. Cadet College, Cranwell, are at a disadvantage in having only some 80 cadets from whom to select their team, the R.M.C., Sandhurst, did not put their strongest side into the field for this athletic contest at Sandhurst on Wednesday last. They nevertheless won it by 8 events to 1, some of the performances being very good indeed. R. G. R. Ames (Sandhurst), who is seen on the right in the above picture, won the hurdles in 17⅘ secs.**

## LAWN TENNIS

### Woman v. Man

THE vexed question as to how the play of Mlle. Lenglen compares with that of the best lawn tennis players of the opposite sex has again cropped up in print. It is really extraordinary what a divergence of opinion exists upon the point. On the one hand there are critics who stoutly aver that there is not a man in the world, not even excepting the champion, W. T. Tilden, himself, who could make certain of beating her in a match on level terms, whilst there are others, including several of Mlle. Lenglen's own countrymen, who have been heard to say that the champion could owe her thirty and give her fifteen—some go so far as to say thirty—in every game. The latter view is, in my opinion, much nearer to the mark than the former.

### Physical Disparity

BEFORE the brilliant little French girl appeared upon the scene matches had been played at various times between crack players of opposite sexes, which proved more or less conclusively that the best men could give the best women the equivalent of the old "half-forty," that is to say, thirty in the first game, forty in the second, and so on alternately all through the set. They were able to do this not because of any marked superiority in the way in which they made their strokes, but because they were physically stronger, more active and more capable of sustained exertion. The physical disparity between men and women may have decreased of late, but it is still sufficiently pronounced.

### The Determining Factor

MLLE. LENGLEN stands in a class by herself among women to-day because she plays the game to perfection, and because she is more active than most women. But this does not mean that she is as active as a man. Those who think that she could hold her own with the best men of to-day forget that in order to do so she must be physically their equal, which most assuredly she is not. Lawn tennis is a game in which you can prevent your adversary from making winning shots, and a player like Tilden, by the exercise of his superior strength and activity, would prevent her from making the strokes which she brings off with such ease against players of her own sex.

(*Continued on page 284*)

*Photograph*] **LEGISLATORS AT LAWN TENNIS** [*G.P.U.*

**The Houses of Parliament recently played and won their first lawn tennis match at Harrow against the Herga Club, whose first pair were A. E. Beamish and A. Wallis Myers. The Lord Chancellor, ably partnered by Col. Sir Matthew Wilson, won two matches and so did Mr. Leo Lyle and Sir Harold Smith, whilst Sir John Ganzoni and Sir Reginald Blair won one. Left to right: R. Hampton, Sir Matthew Wilson, M.P., Lord Birkenhead, Sir Harold Smith, M.P., Sir John Ganzoni, M.P., Mr. C. E. Leo Lyle, M.P., Sir Reginald Blair, M.P., Mr. Wallis Myers, Mr. A. E. Beamish, Mr. J. Salmon, Mr. G. H. Chattaway and Mr. T. H. Ingram**

¶We are advertising only our Export Bottle at present. The Government controls the price of Whisky, so that we make a loss on every case sold in the Home Market.

# CHEAP WHISKY

While prices of other foods are coming down it is necessary to explain to the public that the price of Whisky cannot come down until the Government reduces the duty, which amounts to

**8/5½** per bottle

So long as the duty remains at that enormous figure Haig & Haig will not be able to do much trade in the Home Market. When control is removed Haig & Haig will sell more Whisky in the Home Market (and the Government will get the additional duty). We exist only by making a profit on what we sell. That is why we cultivate the Export side of our trade. The control is, therefore, defeating the Government as well as defeating us, so far as our Home Trade is concerned.

***Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky***

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57, Southwark Street, London, S.E. 1
*(Distillers since 1679).*

*SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)*

In other words, Tilden would probably find himself able to owe her thirty and give her fifteen, or thereabouts, not because she is Mlle. Lenglen, but because she is a woman.

*Photograph]* PREPARING FOR HENLEY [*G.P.U.*

**The winning crew in the Senior Trial Fours recently held by the Thames Rowing Club over the Hammersmith-Putney Course. They will probably form the nucleus of the Club's Grand Challenge Eight at Henley. Names: G. H. Kelly (bow and steers), K. Vernon (2), W. S. Douglas (3), and C. H. Rew (stroke).**

## GOLF

### Misapplied Patriotism

THERE are certain misguided people who regard the defeat of Englishmen in International Sport of any kind as a National Calamity. Such a one is "Britannicus," whose letter in the *Times* last week, with its solemn warning to golfers to prepare to resist the American attack on the Amateur Championship before it is too late, is very unlikely to be taken seriously by those whom it concerns. The Englishman is keen enough on his games, but however much he may desire to excel at them he can seldom be brought to regard them as part of the business of life, or to make a toil of a thing which appeals to him primarily by reason of the pleasure which he derives from it.

### Only a Game

THAT the Americans have come over in such strength to compete for the Amateur Championship is a source of gratification to our leading golfers, not of alarm. That our men will do their utmost to repel the invaders goes without saying, but if they fail I doubt whether they, or the majority of English golfers, will be very grievously perturbed about it. "Britannicus" and others like him may be reminded that, after all, golf is only a game. H. S. S.


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In addition to all the usual features (Social, Theatrical, Fashion, etc.), this issue will contain TWO SPECIAL SECTIONS ON POLO AND CRICKET.

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*BY GILBERT HOLIDAY*

Special article by A. W. COATEN on the prospects of the Season. Illustrated with Photographs of the English and American Teams.

CARICATURE SKETCHES of prominent Polo Players by "The Tout."

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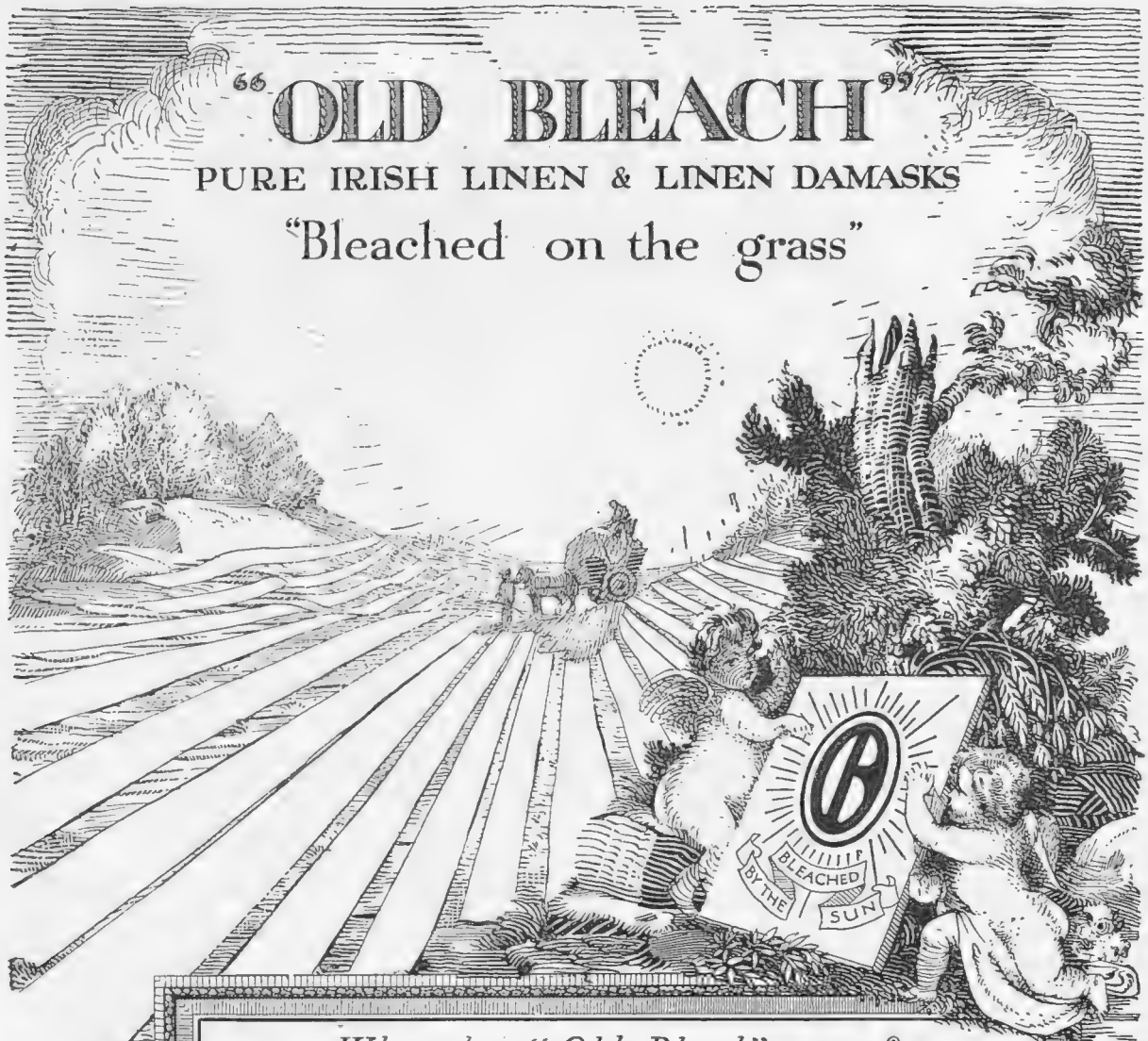


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# RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

### Newmarket's Day

RACEGOERS mightily enjoyed their day at Newmarket last week. It was something like stolen fruit—all the sweeter because we had snatched it from the Government. A good deal of the talk on Guineas day was naturally about the long stoppage of racing, and it was the general opinion that something must be done to prevent such an exasperating spell of idleness in future times of industrial trouble. One way out of the difficulty will be for all big stables to supply themselves with a couple of motor horse-vans. The cost would be by no means prohibitive, and the vans would soon be made to pay for themselves. Their use would make racing stables practically independent of railway services and thus remove the plausible excuse which the Government now offers for putting a stop to racing.

### Need for Motor Vans

IT is a curious thing that although this country leads the world in the quality of its racehorses we are sadly behind the times in many ways. Take this little matter of motor-vans for racehorses. Two or three years before the War I was allowed to go round some of the leading stables in France, and there was not one which did not boast its motor-van. Trainers sent their horses to Chantilly and other meetings just before noon, and had them back in their own boxes before six o'clock. Think what a great convenience and a big saving of money and labour this means. Of course, I am not oblivious to the fact that our racing stables, as well as our race-courses, are much more widely scattered than they are in France; yet there are undoubtedly dozens of stables where a motor-van would be invaluable.

### The "Tote"

IN the introduction of the pari-mutuel or totalisator—the latter for choice—we have lagged behind every other country where racing is a favourite sport. I do not wish to start an argument regarding the merits or otherwise of the totalisator system of betting. It is opposed in this country by two particularly strong factions. One is made up of the bookmakers and those whom they are able to influence. The other section, curiously enough, comprises the goody-goody folk, who fancy that the legalisation of betting by means of the machine would bring perdition on this little old island! So between the two I do not expect to see the "tote" in England for some time, but ultimately it will come sure enough.

### Kempton Outlook

AT the time of writing it is not yet decided whether the Kempton "Jubilee" will be run on Saturday. I sincerely hope it will be possible, strike or no strike, to bring off this highly popular race. The entry is one of the strongest on record, and we should have a struggle worth going to almost any trouble to see. I content myself with suggesting Orpheus as the likely winner.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W

MASTERS AND MISTRESSES

*This picture has been "censored" by the Underground Railway.*

MERRIE ENGLAND
By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

My mentality is slowly recovering from a ghastly underground electric shock. My artistic sense has been rudely bludgeoned. My historical conceptions have been shattered. My respect for the immortals has been demoralised. I am suddenly awakened to the fact that I am not a respectable person. And as a corollary that the Royal Academy is not, perhaps, a respectable place, and that the Paris Salon may be conceivably worse.

This blinding flash comes not from above, but from the bowels of the earth.

Let me ascend into the sunlight of Nature and become explicit.

The reproduced picture which appears on this page was executed to my commission by an artist whose work has been appreciated by the Committees of the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon.

In what I conceived to be a mood of artistic grace, I had intended that it should be used to beautify the walls of the Underground Railways.

But I must plead guilty to artistic adolescence, for the picture has been censored by the UNDERGROUND authorities. I will quote verbatim from their letter:

"The Pope and Bradley posters submitted recently have been returned to you by hand. In our opinion they are lacking in taste and may be the cause of adverse criticism from our passengers. With regard to 'Masters and Mistresses' this is open to objection in that the figures shown in the background are historical personages whose moral characters were not above reproach. Whilst not setting up to be the defenders of public morals, we think it is only right to see that all passengers can travel on our railways without fear of offence."

So often have I been physically crushed on the Underground that I am hoping to survive this mental crushing. At least I possess one uncrushable asset, and that is my sense of humour.

But I do feel that an apology is due from me to the shades of the mighty who are now mercifully rescued from sinking into the depths to which I had inadvertently condemned them. The blame is mine, and I accept it. It was my low-down thought which willed them to descend to a modern sewer. I must rise to my level and ask forgiveness from the shades.

May Byron not blast me
May Antony not anathematize me
May Cleopatra not crush me (nor aspire her asp to bite me)
May Charles not chastise me
May Nell not nauseate me
May Raleigh not revile me
And beyond all
May the virgin Queen Elizabeth, whose sweet name is violated by this supersewer censor, vent not her vengeance upon me but upon him who knows not what he says.
And may God save Merrie England.

* * * * * * * *

Having recovered from this subterranean attack, I should like to mention in the light of day the one moral thing about this House—the prices are so modest they don't even produce profits. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Overcoats from £8 8s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

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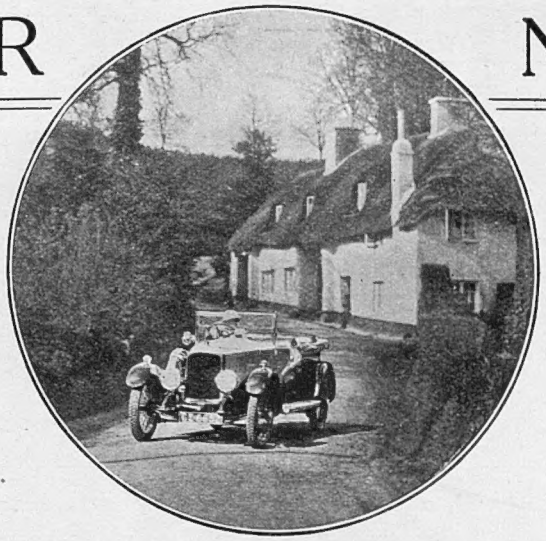
# MOTOR NOTES



TOURING IN DEVON
A 25 h.p. Vauxhall on the road at Sidmouth

WHAT with some humorist pulling the leg of the public Press with pink petrol, and a demonstration last week of the new fuel—Parker's producer gas — for motors, which does away with any need of coloured "juice" at all, as the engine eats coke instead, you don't seem to get away from the coal crisis anyhow. For all this chatter about using aniline dyes to give a different hue according to the quality may do the coal tar people a bit of good, but nary a bit of comfort for the motorist. For, after all, the definition of good petrol does not depend on specific gravity, as most folk think, but on the near relation to the I. and F., as the knowing ones term the initial and final boiling points of the spirit when it is being distilled from the oil. That is why sometimes car-owners find they get better stuff when they get one lot of petrol presumably of second quality as regards price than they do when they cash up for a dearer brand.

* * *

As for the Parker producer gas idea, there is something rather inviting about making your own fuel as you bustle along the road. Of course, water or suction-gas, as it is also called, is nothing new, but the Parker plant has been fitted on several three-ton lorries, and shows a saving in fuel costs of not less than 75 per cent. That is to say, it burnt 300lbs. of coke in the producer oven, costing 13*s.* 8*d.*, in place of seventeen gallons of petrol, costing £3. How is it done, did you ask? Well, I'll try to tell you. On the dashboard of the lorry you fit the Parker plant, which consists of a mild steel plate miniature container, with a hopper to feed the coke into the fire-box at the bottom of this producer, which has water-cooled fire-bars.

* * *

THE fire-box is lined with a heat-resisting material, and the fire-grid on which the incandescent fuel is burnt forms a trough containing the water. This water is kept at a constant level by a float feed, the supply of $H_2O$ coming from the old petrol tank. Now a stream of air and steam is drawn through the glowing coke, anthracite, charcoal, etc., after the fire has been lighted, producing a highly combustible, but impure gas. This gas is conveyed by pipes through a dust-box, where it is relieved of all solid impurities, and thence it pours to another chamber, where it is bubbled through water, and afterward scrubbed by passing through a grid containing moistened pebbles.

* * *

WHEN thus relieved of all impurities and unnecessary constituents it goes to the engine throttle and then direct to the cylinders, already mixed for compression and firing. It sounds an awful complicated business, but in practice is quite simple, and so compact is the Parker plant that it can be fitted on the ordinary commercial motor vehicle or farm tractor so that it takes up no space which would sacrifice any part of the load to be hauled, nor does any part of the installation project beyond the bodyline of the vehicle.

* * *

NATURALLY, the idea does remind one of the old prints showing Puffing Billy and the early steam road locomotives, but as oil looks like pushing coal out of lots of its jobs you can't blame the coal folk having their whack to get their own back by pushing petrol off the business motor to begin with, and to develop the scheme to suit the motor-carriage later on. Still, it would be a nice howdydo if you could not get coke, say, when there is a strike on, though, of course, any old thing that burns, like charcoal or patent fuel bricks, would do. Anyway, I am glad that someone is trying to produce home-grown fuel for motors, even if it won't suit my Fiat on the London to Edinburgh run *via* Buttertubs on May 13, and a Friday, too.

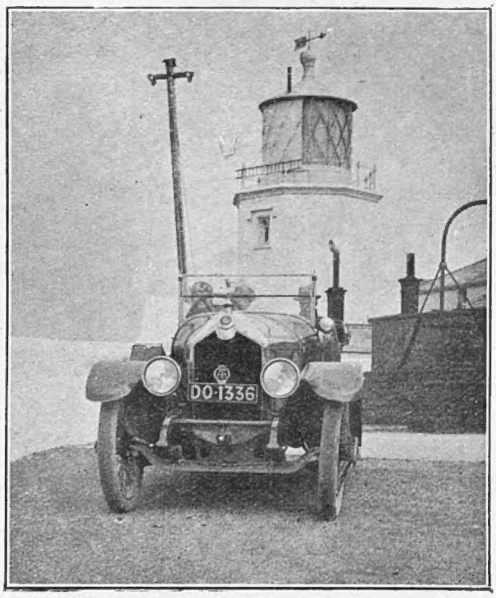
* * *

WRITING of the Motor-Cycling Club Whitsun reliability run from the old Gatehouse Hotel, Highgate, to Edinburgh, no fewer than 117 solo motor-cyclists, 88 sidecar combinations, including many lady passengers, 21 three-wheeled cycle-cars, and 110 motor-cars have entered for this competition, so that the one and only Ebblewhite will be despatching them every half a minute from 7 p.m. to 9.50 p.m. on that Friday night in their quest for gold medals and silver cups. As the full-sized cars include six-cylinder Rolls-Royces, Chandler, 10.4 h.p. Fiats, Morris-Oxfords, Aston Martin, Phœnix, Hampton, Swift, Humber, Charron-Laycock, 8 h.p. Rovers, 17 h.p. Talbot Darracq, 10 h.p. Calthorpes, 12 h.p. A.B.C.'s, 10 h.p. Singers, 11.9 h.p. Beans, 20 h.p. Austin, 11 h.p. Albert, G.N.'s, 11 h.p. Rileys, 20 h.p. Ford, besides G.W.K.'s, Cardens, Tamplins, 10 h.p. Alvis, Eric Campbells, 12 h.p, Airdale and A.V.'s., to say nothing of Hillmans, Silver Hawks, and Douglas, practically every popular car is represented.

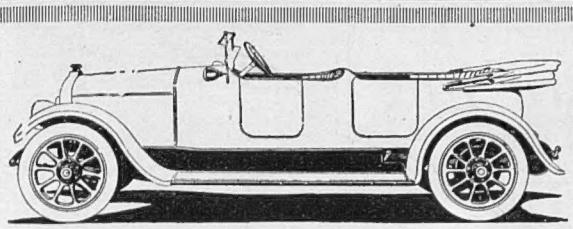
* * *

WHAT a scurry back there will be from Edinburgh to London again on the Sunday, as all of them want to be at the second Brooklands meeting on Whit-Monday, when a fine programme is to be given, starting at 1.30 p.m. Here new refreshment rooms and bars, to say nothing of extra entrances and exits, have been arranged for, so a bumper attendance can be well catered for. Please to goodness there will be no rumpus in the labour world to spoil the festivities of sporting motoring on that day, and that sunshine will beam on the proceedings.

OLD HY.




AT THE LIZARD LIGHTHOUSE
A 25 h.p. Crossley leaving the Lizard Lighthouse after a visit



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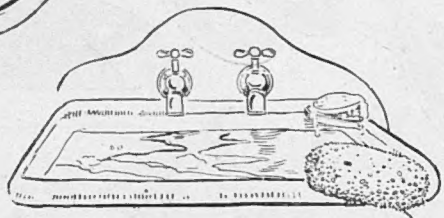

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P89

# The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

NEWS of another novel of Oxford inevitably brings with it memories of all those others that have gone before — *Sinister Street*, *The Comedy of Age*, *Keddy*, that wonderful study by poor Humphrey Dickinson who was killed in the War, and a dozen more. Mr. Gerard Hopkins, with *A City in the Foreground* (Constable: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), boldly adds to their number, and must, of course, run the risk of being compared with his predecessors. Well, it is satisfactory to record that in one way he has explored new ground. I do not recollect any other book which deals with the youngish don whose one idea it is to remain on terms, more or less, of equality with each generation of undergraduates as it comes up. There are such dons, not only at Oxford, and so far as the story of "Camel" Creighton goes, Mr. Hopkins's book is a triumph. Would that he had limited his canvas!

*Photograph* *Elliott and Fry*

**MISS AIMÉE DE BURGH**

**Who has been playing the part of Lady Jill Lytham in her husband's, Gilbert Frankau, dramatisation of "The Heart of a Child" at the Kingsway Theatre**

FOR, as it stands, *A City in the Foreground*, entertaining and life-like though it is, is not a novel. Every one of the young men who dance or expound or study or play through its pages is most aptly sketched in, but the lack of technique cannot be hid. Oxford is there all right, an Oxford that will be appreciated by every University man; but the book, somehow, does not stand well as a whole; there are too many stories, or not enough story. However, it is a first book, and Mr. Hopkins knows how to write. He will not be content with this first book of his. When Oxford is left for the world he will write no ordinary novel.

MR. GERALD CUMBERLAND'S first attempt at a novel leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. *The Poisoner* (Grant Richards: 9*s.* net) is the unpleasant tale of a composer-pianist who is a dipsomaniac of the baser sort. Things are against him, and down he sinks. When he drowns himself you are not particularly sorry. The musical scenes are obviously written from inside, and the medical details are correct. Also, there is any amount of clever characterisation. For all that, *The Poisoner* strikes a morbid note, and I cannot think that it will be very widely enjoyed. R. S.

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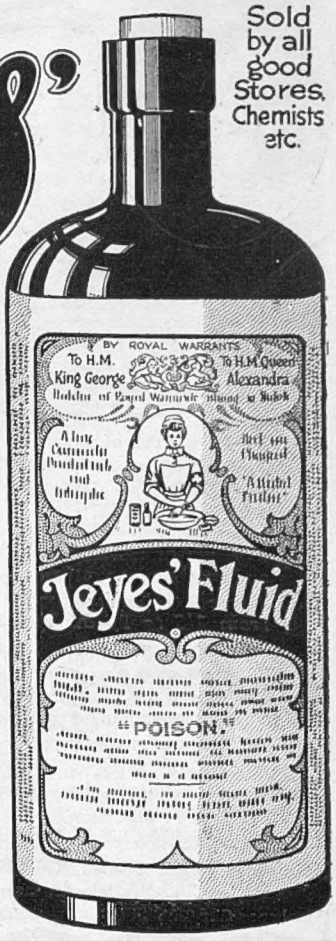


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